

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

"Keep to the right," is the law of the road—Make it a law of your moral code; In whatever you determine to do Follow the road of the Good and the True; Follow and fear not; by day and by night, Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right."

Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo— "Keep to the right," for the right is the true; Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame; A heart that is honest, a life without blame. Will rank you far higher, in worth and renown, Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter and crown.

"Keep to the right," in the journey of life, There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong, And many go under and many go wrong; He will acquit himself best in the fight Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you In touch and accord with the Good and the True; These are the best things in life, after all, They make it worth living, whatever befall, And Death has no terrors, when he comes in sight, For the man who determines to "keep to the right."

—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.



CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Nita, if it were only for Mr. Latrobe I should not care a snap of my finger, but it's you—you! I thought you had more sense. I thought you fully understood that you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment, and yet if ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing-table at the moment, her face averted. The Mary Powell was just rounding the point, and the mellow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the Highlands. Nita was gazing out upon the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush as vivid mantling her cheeks, her lips quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying.

"I'm not in love with him," she finally said.

"Perhaps not—yet. Surely I hope not, but it looks awfully like it was coming—and Nita, you simply mustn't. You've got to marry money if I have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute—if you'll only listen."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"

"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living your youth and—advantages, you can pick and choose. Col. Frost has money and money all over the west, and he was your shadow at the seashore, and all broken up; he told me so when we came here. Paddy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a penny—"

"His uncle," began Nita, feebly.

"His uncle had a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only \$5,500. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet—or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what'll you do meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I was. I had to be. It was that or nothing, and father was getting tired. You heard how he talked."

The younger sister was still at the dressing-table, diligently brushing her shining, curly tresses. She had regained her composure and took occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a buttonhook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk.

There came a footstep and a rap at the door. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love—I don't want to hop."

It was a car—a new arrival at the hotel.

"Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor, m," said the bellboy, and vanished. Nita glanced at the card and instantly trouble stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison held out her hand, took the card, and one quick look. The buttonhook dropped from her relaxed fingers. The card read: "Mr. Gouverneur Prime."

For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence.

At last the elder spoke. "In heaven's name, what brings that absurd boy back here? I thought him safe in Europe."

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, Margaret nevertheless might be in looks, Margaret

Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, for, though he was only 20, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingenuously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "exam"—that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of those healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tabooed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when, dropping in for five o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this wretched little creature whose name he didn't even "catch." "We met her way out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had "phoned" for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—"

That cab was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away up to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of Hook, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pennicott for the lovely Featheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridge path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army; where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed

up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed, I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened, I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you—"

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "Then we waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"He's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov," furiously.

"And so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—and—about myself, too. 'Gov,' it had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Canard and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had



worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several magazine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groined aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred, I'm almost mad." Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand; delight that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call, dismayed to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy

when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life. There were some few people among her accusers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the cabin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-busted fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

[To Be Continued.]

KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

Reminiscence of a Bugler Who Was Once Granted Distinguished Consideration.

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor, of course," remarked an old quartermaster sergeant, amidst a discussion among some military men at Chatham, "but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that, or of kissing hands with the queen, as they say of the custom observed by cabinet ministers when taking over the seals of office."

"You're chucking it, mon," observed a stalwart sergeant from the far north. "Well," the veteran non-com went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the queen; an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer."

"You're having us, Jock," observed a credulous corporal, "and if you want the hatchet say so, for the present holder is fair outclassed."

"No," the distinguished soldier, as he claimed to be, contended, "it is you that's out of it, as you will see. You may have heard of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the queen, after peace was proclaimed."

"When the wounded went by, some in chairs—"

"Quite so. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-cheeked youngster, small for my age, and I suppose contrasted a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass her majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over 13, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the queen said: 'Dear little fellow,' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which from generals downward no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Necessity.

A physician, returning from his daily rounds of visits, overheard two colored citizens conversing as they plodded homeward from their work.

"Is you gwine ter prayer meetin' dis evenin', Jim?" asked one of the pedestrians.

"Yas, indeed! I is dat. Is you?" replied the other.

"You bet I is!" said the first. "I tell you, I considers religion one uv de necessary ebils!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Soldiers and Capitalists.

Records of the war department show that the whole amount paid by the government for its soldiery for all purposes, including bounty, commutations and pensions, since 1861 to June 30, 1899, is \$2,658,000,000. Treasury records show that the whole amount paid to the creditors and bondholders since 1861 to June 30, 1899, was \$5,768,000,000, or more than twice as much.—Chicago Chronicle.

Terrible Ordeal.

"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done."

"What happened?" he asked.

"Why, Mrs. Gadding, next door, has been in here with such an extraordinary tale, which she made me promise I would never breathe to a living soul, that it has seemed as if I positively couldn't wait for you to come home to tell you about it."—Tit-Bits.

Ordained.

"There is no reason why a politician should not be honest."

"No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass shouldn't be black, but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American.

MAY BE STORY OF THE MAINE.

Spanish Cipher Cablegram Found by an American Soldier in Manila.

"Blue tape" is the expression which might properly be applied to Spanish official circumlocution. C. Leland, a young man from Bismarck, N. D., came to Chicago a few days ago to join a regiment which he had heard was being recruited there for service in the Boer army. He carried a little bundle of blue paper which might reveal the secret of the Maine explosion in Havana harbor if the writing on it could be read. It purports to be a dispatch in cipher from a Spanish official in Havana to Gov. Gen. Augusti at Manila. It is dated February 18, 1898, and written in Spanish cipher code on a narrow ribbon of light blue paper, about 100 feet long. The paper is wound in a circular coil and makes a bunch six inches in diameter. There is nothing on the paper to establish its genuineness, says the Inter Ocean.

Young Leland got it from Charles Jackson, a soldier in a South Dakota regiment that served in the Philippines. When the American army took possession at Manila this paper, with a great many other official documents, it is said, was found in a safe in the governor general's office. Gen. Otis ordered them all burned, but Jackson rescued the cipher cablegram from the pile as a souvenir. He was killed soon afterward, but previous to that had mailed the paper to Leland.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

Within three miles of the town going eastward is the farm of Mr. W. Creamer, one of the municipality's largest and most prosperous mixed farmers. Mr. Creamer came to this country in 1880 and settled on a portion of the land which comprises his present enormous farm of 1,280 acres. In common with many others of a similar period he experienced all the hardships and difficulties common to the absence of railway and market facilities. In no wise daunted, by energy, industry and indomitable will he has been able to surmount all obstacles and has achieved an unparalleled success, and is known throughout the district as one of its preeminent farmers. His operations extend over 1,280 acres, two sections (the thought alone of so much land makes the eastern farmer dizzy); 800 acres of this is broken and the remainder is excellent pasture land and wood. This harvest he took off a crop of 500 acres of wheat and 200 of other grains. Four hundred acres are plowed and ready for wheat next spring. Mr. Creamer is, as has been stated, a mixed farmer of no mean proportions, having at the present time 40 horses, 60 head of cattle and 50 pigs. The most modern farm buildings are found on his premises, the main building being a barn 55 feet square on a stone foundation containing stabling for 16 horses and a large number of cattle. The loft is stored with 20 loads of sheaf oats for feed and tons of hay; there is also a cutting box. Another building of large dimensions is the granary, in which after teaming large quantities to market he still has stored 3,000 bushels of wheat. A crushing machine is in the building. There are a number of lesser buildings containing chicken house, pig pens and cattle sheds. The farm residence is a handsome frame structure of ample proportions, in connection with it is a wood shed. The water supply is unexcelled; besides house supply there is a well in the stables and a never failing spring situated in a bluff, which never freezes. Surrounded by a thick bluff of poplars, extending in a semi circle to the west, north and east, the winter storms are broken and accumulation of snow unknown. Added to his farming operations, Mr. Creamer conducts a threshing outfit for the season. His success is only one instance of what can be accomplished in Western Canada.—Baldur (Man.) Gazette, Nov. 16th, 1899.

Thousands are going to Western Canada this year to take advantage of the free homestead laws that are being offered by the government.

Some folks think that honesty, in moderation, is the best policy.—Puck.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Pine Bluff, Ark., was telling his congregation of his travels in the Holy Land, and closed his remarks with this incident, illustrating American enterprise: "When at 'Jacob's Well' he drew therefrom with his own hands a bucket of water; after doing so and looking at the tin bucket, he found it was a lard bucket with the name of 'Swift and Company' branded on same, which was the same as he had seen in Pine Bluff many times."—Kansas City Gazette.

An Overworked Bird.

Dorothy—Our Audubon club had a lively meeting this afternoon. Papa—What did you do, dear? "Oh, we passed an enthusiastic resolution appointing a committee to take immediate steps—right off, you know—for the protection of the cuckoo!" "The cuckoo?" "Yes, papa; in the cuckoo clock, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

To California Quickly and Comfortably.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western R.R. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

Good Engagement.

First Veteran Actor—Well, how goes it? Good engagement, suppose—good pay? Second Veteran Actor—Well, old friend, you know how these things are. Salary, properly speaking, I don't get, but I eat the whole of an enormous beefsteak in the second act.—N. Y. World.

Ghost of the Glacier.

And Other Tales, including Making a Revolution, Susquehanna Trail, Sculpture of the Elfs, Once a Pillar of the World, Feathers of Fashion, and others. A delightful volume, beautifully illustrated. Ready for distribution about May 1. Send 10 cents to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City. Edition Limited.

Time, patience and industry conquer all things.—Chicago Daily News.

Spring Annually Says Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are colicwies in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, subdues Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given the best of satisfaction, especially as a spring medicine. It builds up the general system and gives new life." DWIGHT C. PARK, Whiteland, Indiana.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claim to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and rec. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. FAST CLOVELETS. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.



Time is Money

Time is money and worth saving. If Omaha is the point you want to reach, you can save half a day by selecting the right route. Your natural route is via St. Louis. Take trains from here that will reach St. Louis in the evening, as Wabash "Cannon Ball" leaves St. Louis 7:30 p. m., and you are in Omaha next morning in time for breakfast. Avoid trouble—no other route will get you there much before noon.

Our Connection West.—If you want to reach Ogden, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, San Francisco, Spokane, Portland or Seattle, you have only twenty-five minutes' wait in Omaha, when the "Overland Limited" starts for these points. Wonderfully convenient, don't you think?

A folder—simple, complete—tells all about it; something worth knowing. If you want to reach any western city, you can have full, specific information about your best train and connections, railroad and sleeping car fares, etc., and the rate will be right.

Address C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agt., St. Louis.